The Tripod.

VOL. III. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., MAY, 1890. NO. 6.

Take Heart.

Oh, spirit by sorrow broken,
Oh, harp with a broken string,
Oh, life with a love unspoken,
Oh, suffering, sorrowing,
Take heart, for the light is breaking,
The glory of better days,
And birds are the echoes waking,
With spirit-inspiring lays.

Oh, age that is bound with sorrow,
Oh, youth whose skies are gray,
Who have no hope for the morrow,
But yearns for the yesterday,
Take heart, for the light is breaking,
The light that shall glory men,
And tomorrow the soul, at waking,
Shall have found its youth again.

ARTHUR H. GOODENOUGH.

St. Mary's.

St. Mary's is a small town, on Copano Bay, in the state of Texas. The climate is delightful. In winter the thermometer sometimes goes down to 28 degrees, but last winter there was not frost enough to kill anything, even tomato vines and oleanders living untouched. This year there has been frost enough to take just the top leaves off the tomato vines.

Although it is so warm here compared with the north, southern people "freeze" when it gets down to 50 degrees. They will have a big fire in the fireplace and hover around it with all the doors wide open. It does not seem to occur to them that shutting the doors would help to keep the heat in the house.

In summer—we have eight or nine months of this season—many northern people think that one must roast alive if it is so warm in winter, but they are mistaken. On an average it is not so warm as in the north. When you are having such hot weather in July and August, we are probably having June weather, and most always on the coast, a very pleasant breeze. The farther south you go the nearer it comes to striking an average between summer and winter.

Cotton is the principal product, and is very extensively raised here, as well as all over the state. When there is a good cotton crop everyone makes money, and then the women have new bonnets and dresses, and the children shoes and stockings, and even Santa Claus seems to know the good years—perhaps by the looks of the stockings he finds,—and puts more in them. This, of course, helps the merchants. But when there is a poor crop the bonnets and dresses are fixed over, many children are barefooted, Santa Claus almost forgets their needs, and the merchants have a dull season.

Figs and pomegranates are the principal fruits, though in northeastern Texas apples, pears and peaches are so plentiful that tramps refuse them.

Game is abundant. The ducks and geese that fly over the northerners' heads winter here, and many are killed.

An interesting little animal of Texas is the horned frog. It looks more like a horned lizard. The Mexicans think them sacred and will not kill them. They are a little larger than common lizards, with a hard, horny back, two horns on the top of the head, and very slow in their movements.

Fleas and redbugs are quite plentiful, but these serve to give a little excitement and make life interesting.

St. Mary's is not picturesque. It once was quite a place, but Rockport, which is across the bay, now has a railroad, and St. Mary's has gradually run down.

The bay, however, is delightful to bathe in, for there are no holes in it, and it slopes so gradually that a grown person has to go out some way to get in deep enough. No one feels afraid to have children paddle in it. With a

boat you can enjoy yourself fishing, rowing or sailing.

No one is ever disturbed and it is just the place for one who wishes to live a quiet, healthful life, for sickness is almost unknown.

Hoping this article will please the readers and that your paper will prosper, I remain your southern friend, ORIANA T. FOLSOM.

Scene in Geology.

A Lordly boy, his chair tipped back,
Against the board his head,
Where, deftly drawn, is Asia bright
With yellow, blue and red.

From time to time he sweeps the board
With heavy stroke as lead,
Until at last he has the most
Of Asia on his head.

Now jetty locks we all admire,
Some like the blonde and red,
But who can handsome think a boy
With AZURE on his head?

A Reminiscence.

The picture of the old Thornton Academy brings fresh to mind an early martyrdom to truth. The late Hezekiah Packard, when preceptor, required of the boys preparation out of school of the morning lesson. In order to guage its length to ordinary capacity, after reciting, he was accustomed to ask each how much time was devoted to its study. The usual reply was "from an hour to an hour and a half." One of the boys, fresh from a rural district, brought with him a tender conscience, and on one occasion, having recited the portion of the lesson on which he was examined to reasonable satisfaction, replied to the usual interogatory, that he had devoted but half an hour to its study. Thereupon his associates were sent to their seats, and he was subjected to a rigid examination on the entire lesson. On some points of it he made a poor show, and came to grief. The other boys enjoyed the scene hugely, and at recess intimated that the victim should have observed the maxim "Answer a fool according to his folly." They had faithfully observed it, but whether the martyr did so after that "the deponent saith not." E.

A Lesson in Geology.

Saco affords numerous appearances of clay, and the clay contains fossils. Then we have sufficient material for investigation. It is probable that we all have some idea of cause and effect. A pile of boards is the effect of saw mill industry. A house is the effect of carpenter work. A geologist has causes and effects. Sometimes he sees one, sometimes the other. A clay bank is an effect, not of a mill as the boards are, nor of human agency as in the case of the house. We examine and find two things to give us a clue to the cause, fossils of water animals, and clay deposited in layers, hence we may conclude that the cause was water. We now search for examples of this cause in active operation. Large deposits of mud are found at the mouths of rivers; these we call deltas. The Nile, the Ganges, and the Mississippi are good examples. Continuing our search further we shall find some deposits made in lakes, but not so conspicuous as the deltas mentioned. We find by experiment that fresh water, meeting salt water, there is a chemical effect, and a precipitate, *i. e.*, the small particles of mud are thrown down. To make sure that our clay is the result of salt water action we examine the fossils. They are salt water forms, hence we are able to conclude that the clay beds of Saco, are spots where fresh and salt water formerly met. We next desire to know when this occurred. Certainly not within recent years, for there are numerous beds at a distance from the salt water. We may now make a more careful study of the fossils. We find some forms common on our shore at the present time, but many of these forms are foreign to our waters. A list of them has been published, and by reference to works of science we find that they are arctic forms. Is it possible that our climate was once like the arctic area? We now study other causes and effects. In Switzerland the glaciers are depositing gravel at the point where the glacial ice melts. Glaciers also smooth a way over rock, at the same time scratches are left as markings. Gravel deposits and glacial markings are common over the northern portion of our continent. We may suppose glaciers to have been the cause. But

our clays are deposited by water, for they are in layers, and glaciers do not deposit layers of gravel, sand or mud. So that while the climate may agree we cannot think that ice deposited clay. But the ice age has departed, and in the departing the glacier must have melted. There would have been much water flowing to the sea. This water would naturally carry in solution the finely pulverized soil. Much clay would result. Here then we have all of the causes to explain our clay beds save one, *i. e.*, they are above the surface of the sea. Has the sea retreated? The level of the Atlantic remains practically the same, but the continent is freed from the weight of millions of tons of ice. Hence from a position of being pressed down, it is slowly rising along the northern half. This may be seen in various examples, one of which is this: Old men tell us that formerly they could sail through channels in the rocks at high tide; now they cannot. The rocks are rising out of the water. The sea floor of the glacial era is being made the land of this age. Hence our clay beds are above water. A pile of earth may seem uninteresting. Sometimes it can tell an interesting story. All objects of nature are filled with such lessons, and the study is easy, with specimens at hand. An occasional hour spent in studying nature is never lost time.

We Are Safe.

Listening to the tramp of cadets,
I see a vision pass by,
Of tired mothers rocking cradles,
While babies kick and cry.

But to shorten up my story,
And bring it to an end,
Those boys all lived and flourished,—
Now people call them men.

Now mother's toil's rewarded,
They are really proud, they say,
To see the boys, their forms erect,
All uniformed in gray.

And Uncle Sam is more than pleased,
For on each heroic face
Seem marked the words, "With our navy and us,
Be assured the country is safe."

L. S. H.

Deering says that he doesn't believe a word of mythology.

The Latest Craze.

"Give me a cent for a friendship ring?
Only one cent you know,"
Is the song that the girls of the fourth class sing,
As they flutter to and fro.

The poor hackneyed student now smiles in disdain,
As he puts his hand into his purse,
Then bringing it up he holds out the cent,
With something that sounds like a curse.

Then the pretty young maid skips off full of glee,
To her schoolmates, with laughter and fun,
And as she comes nearer she shouts with delight,
"O, girls! this makes just eighty-one."

He says to his chum, who is standing near by,
"My last cent is given away.
I saw it depart with a tear in my eye.
That's thirty I've given today."

Now girls please remember that "only a cent,"
Though in itself may seem small,
(We'll say to you now, in behalf of the boys,)
Counts up—when given to "all."

Our New Chart.

Since our last issue the trustees have added to our apparatus Yaggy's Geographical Study.

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It is a very attractive, interesting and valuable addition to our school equipments.

Littlefield and Bryant, '90, were heard singing a duet, the other day, to the tune of "There'll be no sorrow there," with words as follows:

"In heaven above where all is love,
There'll be no Algebra there."

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We should like to receive more contributions from former students of the old high school, and of the old academy. Come, show your interest,—no time like the present.

The first change in our editorial staff occurs this month, J. N. Noyes, '90, having left school to accept a position with J. G. Daering & Son. We wish him success in his new work.

The March number of the *High School Drift*, from Salamanca, N. Y., criticises THE TRIPOD for omitting to give the name of its state on the first page. We accept the criticism with thanks, and have profited by the suggestion.

It is a noticeable fact that most of our high school papers come from the New England states. The publishing of a school paper is a great benefit, and the example of New England schools could well be followed by other sections of the country.—[Ex.

The poem entitled "Adonis," which was published in our last number, was hardly recognized by the writer herself. In the fourth verse, fourth line, the word "either" was entirely left out, which of course slightly (?) interferred with the metre. In the fifth verse the word "gleaming" should be "glancing," and in the next verse "state" should be "statue," to say nothing of mistakes in punctuation. Let us say in justice to ourselves that this was not through any fault of ours, as all the mistakes were corrected in the proof. It is rather discouraging when one has taken the trouble to write for our paper to have the piece slaughtered as this one was. But—we will say no more.

We hope that in criticising THE TRIPOD our readers will not overlook the fact that it is an amateur paper, and that its columns are filled almost entirely by the students, who are but amateur writers, so it cannot be expected that all its contents will be faultless. It has been received much better than we dared to hope, and the public has given us encouragement in many ways, and especially do we owe our thanks to the Biddeford dailies. But it is from our own number that we are likely to receive the severest criticisms, and from those, too, who could perhaps do no better themselves. But if any of the students feel that they can make improvements, either on the poetry or prose which we have used, let them try. We shall not complain, for this is the very thing we want. A little more competition among the students would raise the standard of the work produced.

We have received the following new exchanges since last month.

The Critic, New Haven, Conn.
The Cadet, Denver, Col.
The Monthly Midget, Toledo, Ohio.
Oak, Lily and Ivy, Milford, Mass.
The Index, Doylestown, Pa.
The Phi Rhoman, Bath, Me.
The Hermonite, Mt. Hermon, Mass.
Howard Times, Howard, R. I.
The Berkshire Comet, North Adams, Mass.
The Cyclone, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
The Alphian, Owatonna, Minn.

The Rugbian, Philadelphia, Pa.
The High School Drift, Salamanca, N. Y.
High School Review, Cambridge, Mass.
Baltimore City College Journal, Baltimore, Md.
The Webster Journal, Grove City, Pa.
The High School Aegis, Oakland, Cal.
The Graphic, Athol, Mass.
Mt. Pleasant School News, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
The Record, Canandaigua, N. Y.
The Teachers' Journal, Springfield, Vt.
The Academy, Worcester, Mass.
Seminary Echo, Willmar, Minn.

The Cicero Class of '92.

With our books on the desk before us,
We pore o'er the words and the lines,
Vainly trying to make out some meaning,
And get the thing fixed in our minds.

We pass over pages and pages,
We parse over hardly a line,
But if we should keep on without stopping,
Perhaps we might get it down fine.

And I think that had Cicero known
Of the trouble his speeches would make,
He'd have spared us the awful orations,
Which made even Catiline quake.

But alas! They were said and preserved,
Although now such a while after date,
They will probably always be kept,
To make us poor students translate.

If he had but thought to fix them,
In a way to make easy translations,
We might without doubt make some sense
Out of crime and its queer variations.

And when we go into the class,
With about half the lesson to learn,
Oh! then don't we feel just glorious,
When it happens to come our turn?

'Tis, "Master or Miss Such-a-one."
"Oh! No, sir, I can't," is said,
But by calling on all the class,
The lesson is finally read.

But when we get rid of the bondage,
And sail in clear water and calm,
We'll soon forget its impressions,
And rejoice that it's done us no harm.

F. H. B., '92.

What interesting love letters two young ladies of the fourth class can write! They must have spent hours over yellow-covered literature. How a few copies would boom the Tripod!

The Reception.

The reception given by the academy girls to the cadets at Hamilton's hall, April 10, was a most delightful affair. Immediately after the arrival of the Biddeford cadets and the other invited guests, Miss Genevieve Marsh spoke a few well-chosen words of welcome and announced a drill by the T. A. Cadets. At the close of the drill, which was finely executed, Principal E. P. Sampson highly complimented the cadets upon their progress, then presented the beautiful silk banner, the gift of Saco's generous citizens. Capt. Stacy briefly responded with words of thanks, and the exercises closed with some rousing cheers by the cadets of both cities.

After this, dancing, interrupted only by intermission with its delicious cake and ice cream, was indulged in till a late hour.

The enjoyment of all seemed perfect and the remark of a young lady as she left the hall, "I wish we might have one every night," was perhaps the unspoken wish of many others.

Cadet Notes.

A drill was recently given in G. A. R hall.

The company began platoon movements this term.

Private Winch has been appointed color-sergeant.

Webber, with his corporal's chevrons, walks about with the air of a conqueror.

Capt. McIntire and her band of young ladies, at their entertainment, generously received the cadets.

The Biddeford Cadets appeared at the reception with their guns which they lately received from the state.

A newly promoted officer of the cadet corps entered the school with a brand new uniform. We think as lieutenant he is in the right Place.

Ex-Capt. Scamman in behalf of the company wrote to Adj. Gen. Sprague to ascertain if it was possible to obtain guns. The reply was that the state had none on hand. The boys will either have to wait patiently or receive them from a different source.

"Songs in Many Keys."

Sing a song of Cæsar,
Oh, how his ears would burn,
If he could hear the dreadful things
The fourth class say this term!

Sing a song of Virgil,
Sing one if you can,
With sixty lines for parsing
And forty lines to scan!

Sing a song of Dosia,
She's the French class's pet,
She keeps it often in a roar,
And still she makes it fret.

Sing a song of Cicero,
Of him who is no more.
Men say he's very brilliant,
But the third class, "He's a bore!"

Sing a song of studies,
Ten thousand made in one.
If they had not appeared on earth,
We might have had some fun.

Tripod Trifles.

C. Sawyer, '92, has given us a new word, "coinspond." There is some doubt as to its meaning, some maintaining that it means correspond, others coincide.

Capt. Stacy's favorite quotation, "A thing of beauty is a boy forever."

It's worth a quarter to see Bryant take his daily lunch the *last period*.

As has been suggested we are glad, *especially on Lord's account*, that we have an elocution teacher.

F. Libby, '91, is the eighth wonder. He has recently acknowledged that he is living without a heart.

Evidently I.— never did much farming as he informed the botany class that beets are planted just like potatoes.

The seniors are congratulating themselves upon escaping the lessons in elocution, but their turn will come later.

Littlefield, '90, has decided to join the Masons. At the ceremony Webber will "whoop er" (Hooper) up, while Bryant will play a guitar (Kit Tarr) accompaniment.

"Halt! March." "Right dress. March."

Isn't our poem "Take Heart," *good enough*.

If Brown's appetite is to be judged by his lunch-box, it must be — . Don't mention it.

Nearly every one in school wore pink, the cadet color, for a week or more after the reception.

Look out for broken cameras. The members of the first class are soon to "set" for their pictures.

Stuart, '93, is learning an unknown language. He has already mastered a few words, as most of the students know.

Libby on being asked what the oldest town in Maine is, replied: "Oldtown." He has yet to learn that there's nothing in a name.

One of the T. A. girls says she can jump over a fence without moving. Keep quiet or Barnum will hear of it and we shall lose her.

Capt. Stacy learned a new military (?) command recently at a church sociable. It is as follows: "Overturn! Drop! *Ice Cream!*"

Teacher—"Judged with many judgements." "What figure of speech in these words?" Boy of Cicero class, uncertainly—"Isn't it metamorphosis?"

We were surprised to hear one of the young ladies in the French class come boldly out with "Great Scott!" But she found it in her dictionary, so it was all right.

J. N. Noyes, '90, after nearly four years of hard (?) study in this school, has left to accept a position as book-keeper for J. G. Deering & Son. His place on the editorial staff is taken by George Littlefield, '90.

Card of Thanks.

The Thornton Academy Cadets wish to extend their thanks to the young ladies and teachers of the academy for the reception tendered them April 10th. Also, to the citizens who so generously contributed for the beautiful silk flag which at that time was presented them.

CAPT. C. A. STACY,
SERGT. F. A. LORD,
SERGT. C. O. BICKFORD,
} Committee.

The date of graduation will probably be June 18th.

Webber, '90, wants a seat-mate. Apply early and avoid the crowd.

The first class boys are noted for their modesty, the girls for their conceit(?)

Sweetsir, '90, informs us that the least common multiple of 10-17-19-25 is one.

It is amusing to see F—— try to pocket the minerals in the pysical geography class.

Watch John circle around Miss L——, of the B. H. S. cadets, with a most en-Deering smile.

Calef, '91, says the only way he likes oysters is when they are served on the "half cracker."

Overheard in the cloak room. First maid—"I always file my letters. Don't you, Lizzie?" Second maid—"Oh, no! I tear them open any way."

It is said that Lamb, '93, is revising the Algebra now used in this school. He is fully capable of so doing, having had much experience in this line.

Freshman (thoughtfully).—"I wonder what material the man in the moon dresses in." Sophomore (disdainfully)—"Why, green cheese-cloth, of course."

It is to say the least an exciting time when Lord comes into the class singing, "I've lost my Dosia!" He is not speaking figureatively as some might suppose.

First sophomore, rising hastily.—"Excuse me. I'm afraid I've taken your seat." Second sophomore—"Oh, that's all right. I got up before you sat down."

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